

# THE OHIO ORGAN, OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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## The Laborer.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form  
And likeness of thy God!—who more?  
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm  
Of daily life, a heart as warm  
As pure, as honest e'er bore!

What then!—Thou art as true a man  
As moves the human mass among;  
As much a part of the Great Plan  
That with Creation's dawn began,  
As any of the throng.

Who is thy enemy!—the high  
In station, or in wealth the chief?  
The great, who coldly pass thee by,  
With proud step, and averted eye?  
Nay! aye not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?  
A feather, which thou mightest cast  
Aside, as idly as the blast  
The light leaf from the tree.

No—unsub'd passions—low desires—  
Absence of noble self-respect—  
Death, in the breast's consuming fire,  
To that high nature which aspires  
Forever, till thus check'd.

These are thy enemies—thy worst;  
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—  
Thy labor and thy life accurst.  
O, stand erect! and from them burst!  
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!  
The great!—what better they than thou?  
As theirs, is not thy will as free?  
Has God with equal favors thee  
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 'tis but dust!  
Nor place uncertain as the wind!  
But that thou hast, which, with thy trust  
And water, may despise the lust  
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passion under heel,  
True faith, and holy trust in God,  
Thou art the peer of any man.  
Look up, then—that thy little span  
Of life, may well be trod!

## NEAL DOW.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

The man who has the talent to frame and the courage to execute the Maine Law, deserves to be honored and remembered by every patriot and philanthropist in our broad, free land. Neal Dow is the Kossuth of the temperance revolution, and his name is already registered in the book of fame, "among the few, the immortal names not born to die." Poets sing his praise, painters put his shadow on their canvass—historians record his deeds, and multitudes of appreciating mothers will call their children by his name.

We wrote pledges, made speeches, obtained signatures, formed societies, and framed laws, to suppress intemperance; we tried moral, magnetic, Bible, and ballot-box suasion; we plead, and prayed, and promised, and did much good, but failed to accomplish the entire extinction of the rum traffic, the object so devotedly desired. We were brought to a moral Panama, with a gulf of billows rolling between us, and a golden California beyond, without bridge or boat to carry us safely over to the land of promise, when Neal Dow, who understood every rope in the ship, took the helm and piloted our storm-beaten vessel into the harbor of safety.

Yes, a private citizen of Maine, possessing the stern will and Puritan zeal "of earlier and better days," arose in the dignity of conscious strength, and with the sweep of his strong arm wiped away the stain of black intemperance from the State.

Without the aid of the Army or Navy, he routed the most formidable and dangerous enemy that could assail the Commonwealth.

Lean and pallid avarice, haggard appetite, stupid ignorance, bloated bigotry, devilish demagoguism, stood in his way, clad to the teeth in armor, but he feared them no more than Bunyan's Christian feared the beasts he met on his way to the Celestial city. He extinguished the fires of the only distillery in the State, and wrote *tekel* on the walls of every wine palace in Maine. Who is the modern Moses who smote the Red Sea with the rod of law, so that the people can travel dry-shod? He is a man who has a head to think, a heart to feel, a tongue to explain, and a hand to execute; is respectably educated, not learned, comfortably independent, not millionaire; speaks conversationally, not eloquently; is a plain, practical man, with a strong mind and an iron will. Had he lived in the days of Cromwell, he would have been a leader in the battered band that fought side by side with the "Usurper." He speaks as one having authority, and looks like one born to command. He is in the meridian of life—about five feet seven inches in height, and well proportioned; has dark hair, a square forehead, which does not at first glance indicate more than a mediocrity of mind; eye-brows are rather ponderous, cheek bones somewhat prominent, complexion dark. The peculiar form of the mouth and chin pronounced him a man of obstinate firmness. There is a sort of *come on, I am ready for you*, look about his face, which affords unmistakable evidence that will not countenance the liquor trade. He looks as though he could run a thousand rum-sellers, and with the aid of the Maine Law, put ten thousand to flight.

Neal Dow is the son of a Quaker, and surely he fights valiantly for one who has been trained to observe the principles of peace. He does not claim religious relationship with any sect, but is a firm believer in the truths of Divine Revelation, and observes devotional duties in his family. For many years he has been identified with the temperance movement in Maine, (his native State,) where he has labored and lectured gratuitously, for the welfare of his fellow-citizens. Frequently he has appeared before the Legislature with petitions praying for laws so stringent as to prohibit the liquor trade, and finally he succeeded in cutting out some work for his country.

He is a tanner by trade, and although has (I may be misinformed) retired from business, he has left the hides of many rumsellers on the fence. Wonder if they would not make good shoes, since they are water-proof! There is not a lawyer in the land who could have drafted a better bill than that which has so effectually excommunicated intemperance from the glorious State which is the nearest to the golden gates of sunrise. The Law declares that intoxicating drinks shall

not be made and sold, to be used as a beverage, in Maine—that an agent shall be appointed in each city or town to sell spirits for mechanical and medicinal purposes only—that common sellers shall be heavily fined and imprisoned for persisting in violating the law—that no lawless rum-seller shall be allowed to sit as juror on any rum suit, and that liquors may be searched for, seized and destroyed. Read the law, it is a good one. It is the people's law, and not the law of politicians. It is a terror to those who do ill, and a praise to those who do well. It is a fire annihilator, and works well out doors and in, and the effect is the same whether the building be a small one or a large one. Success to the MAINE LAW, which is the *Law of Maine*.

For the Organ

## A Whisper from Columbus.

MR. EDITOR: For some time past we have been an attentive reader of the Organ, and the more we see of it, the more we like it. We like its fearless, valiant course, and we expect to see great good resulting from it. The little article with the significant head, "Stop that paper," we think will have some effect. With you, we are down on that 'House,' from this time, henceforth. Would to Heaven there was a temperance house in our city, to which we could recommend our friends on coming here! But as there is not, we would just say to them, remember it was the *American* that said, "stop that paper."

The battle is waxing hot in this place, and the contest is going on severely. Our business in life calls us to circulate among the people much and freely; and in our wanderings, we hear and see a good deal that is interesting. A day or two since, while conversing with a number of gentlemen, one remarked that he was a Whig, always had been, and always expected to be, but if the Whig candidate did not pledge himself to go for the prohibitory law, he should vote for the Democratic candidate, if he was the right sort. So said every one of the company, quite to my astonishment. And what is more, these were all men of influence and prominence. We think the spirit prevails to an extensive extent. As to ourselves, our talk and labor is for a temperance candidate, let him be Whig or Democrat. We hope the friends of Heaven and Humanity, one and all, will waive their peculiar party predilections at this particular crisis and juncture of affairs, and give their help to the cause of good and godliness. Let us vote for the man that proves himself a Maine Liquor Law man, whether he be known as Whig, Democrat, or Free Soiler.

We have been very much astonished at the *Daily Times*. Not long since they chronicled the startling fact, that about 150 persons had come to their death, during the past year, through the effects of rum drinking; and yet the editor now comes out in a long article against the Maine Li-

quor Law—the only sure remedy for the fearful desolation that he adverted to some weeks since. What gross inconsistency! Does he do it from convictions of conscientious duty, or from convictions of anticipated profit? We shall counsel and advise our friends, a number of whom are taking that paper, to stop it as soon as convenient;—not because we would take a dollar from the *Times* unjustly, but because we would not have our friends—those whom we love—to sip the poison that may prove their ruin. We regard such a paper dangerous in a family. Young men that love their social glass, pick up these items, and then, O! how eloquently they can discourse against the Maine Liquor Law, and in favor of drinking—the very practice that hath resulted in the ruin of some of their fathers.

We are glad to see the Christian Advocate pursuing the course it is. God bless and Heaven reward the editors! They are doing good battle. We hope to hear tell of more temperance resolutions adopted by Methodist Quarterly Conferences. Let the work go on, in the church and out of the church; in the social circle and in the public throng; in the family gathering and in the business marts. Success shall be ours! In the name of God and truth we shall triumph!

We were going to close, but we will say another word first. We propose that Bro. Bremigam, of Circleville, shall take up a collection in that county, to furnish that 'only distiller' a copy of the Campaign Organ. We will give *one-pence* toward it. What say you, Bro. Bremigam? Perhaps a number or two of the Organ would convince him that it would be best to send for more than one Mr. Beebe to rescue old Mrs. Whisky. We think her disease is of a malignant character, and she certainly can not last through the approaching cold weather, unless she has more than one doctor.

ISSAQUENA.

## Live for Something.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Great deeds will shine as brightly on the earth, as the stars of heaven.

Great wishes have great failures.